

TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

A Choice Selection of Interesting Items.

THE Snowden Mountain, the loftiest in Wales, has been sold for \$5,750.

Boston proposes to invest \$250,000 in a patent airship. In other words, she proposes to cast that sum to the winds.

A company is being formed, with a capital of \$8,000,000, for the purpose of holding a world's exhibition in Buenos Ayres.

There are but 20,000 houses in New York City each of which is occupied by one family, while Philadelphia has 31,000 in the same category.

Statistical returns in England show that there are about 1,000,000 more women than men in the country, and that these are nearly all widows.

The Empress of Russia carries a large fan when she takes a walk, in order to be able to screen her face from public view when she likes.

The average monthly temperature of San Francisco for the last fifteen years has been 55½ degrees. The highest for any month was 59 degrees and the lowest 50 degrees.

The society which has for its object the prevention of cruelty to animals, in England, has been in existence since 1824, and during that time has secured over 80,000 convictions.

The statement that the people in Dakota who have had nothing but potatoes and turnips to live on this summer are suffering from scurvy may be true, but has a salt-fishy appearance about it.

Mrs. John E. Gordon, of Cumming County, Nebraska, is too busy with experimental silk culture to worry much about woman suffrage. She now has 10,000 cocoons ready for shipment as the result of her season's work.

In a St. Louis hospital a man had a dream which covered 10,000 miles of travel and six months' time, yet he was only a minute and a half covering the whole business. If the body could move with the brain how we would whizz!

The colony on Pitcairn Island numbers 120 people, all related by blood or marriage, and the amount of money circulating among them has never been above \$80. The one who gets hold of \$20 of this is considered a millionaire.

The rainy season in Florida is said to be delightful. The cooling showers generally set in about midday, and from then until night it is cool and pleasant. The mercury drops to about 70, and blankets are comfortable at night. Meanwhile everything grows as if by magic.

There has been a competition among stenographers to decide how many words can be written on a postal card. Sylvanus Jones, of Richmond, Va., has taken the prize by writing 36,764 words. Mr. Jones is a shorthand writer employed by the Brightmore Railway Company, of Richmond.

The soap weed is now being utilized for making soap for market. A factory has been started at Guthrie and Wichita, Kan., where the weed grows plentifully. The pioneers of the plains discovered its use forty years ago. The root, without any manipulation, is an excellent substitute for a bar of soap.

It is an Ohio man who now makes a curious discovery. He says if you go out to feed a flock of chickens and keep them waiting they will first flock about you and then begin a circuit around you from right to left, and that no amount of interruption or maneuvering will confuse or turn them in another direction.

Male members of the Amish sect of Somerset Pa., are not permitted to wear suspenders or own a buggy with a folding top, but if the top is stationary it is all right. All members wear "hooks and eyes" instead of buttons in their clothes. This is strictly adhered to by both sexes. No female member is allowed to wear a hat or have ruffles on.

The Shah's English escort during his stay couldn't quite understand why his own suite took such elaborate trouble when waking him if he happened to be asleep when approaching his railway destination. The cause was not the dread of royalty, but the Persian idea that during sleep the soul wanders away from the body, and if a sleeper be so suddenly aroused that the soul cannot return in time to its accustomed home, death will be the result.

There are many gradations of opinion as to the desirability of purely religious training in the public schools. There can be none as to the import-

ance of teaching morality, the interdependence of the race, the duty of every man to his fellows and to himself. There can be none as to the teaching of patriotism, the obligation, universal regard for which would bring the political millennium; none as to the teaching of thrift, kindness, courtesy and common sense.

An English journal puts the liquor problem in this form: Twenty-five snakes running through the streets—that's free whisky. Twenty-five snakes gathered into a box in which twenty-five holes are made by authority of the court—that is low license. Ten of the holes are closed and the snakes all get through the other fifteen—that is high license. Drive all the snakes over to the next village—that is local option. Kill all the snakes—that is prohibition.

Mrs. Hage, wife of Captain Herber Hage, is regarded by the eleven survivors of her husband's lost bark *Cupico* as a heroine and as the preserver of their lives. Her courage, they say, never flagged; and they were on the wreck for twenty days before they were rescued by the bark *Belt*. Mrs. Hage kept the courage of the men up by her example, working at the pumps with them to keep the vessel afloat. Besides, she prepared and brought their food to them at the pumps, which they dared not leave.

MILLIONS of people regard the Bible as the most valuable book in the world aside from its mechanical make-up and appearance. But in a commercial sense a Hebrew Bible at the Vatican in Rome is said to be the most valuable book in the world. In 1512 Pope Julius, then in great financial straits, refused to sell it to a syndicate of rich Venetian Jews for its weight in gold. The Bible weighs more than 325 pounds, and is never carried by less than three men. The price refused by Pope Julius was, therefore, about \$125,000, and that, too, when gold was worth at least three times what it is now worth.

A RECENT visitor to the top of Pike's Peak found the signal-service officer melting snow for his water supply, the only one he gets. The officer said: "Sometimes I stand at the window with my telescope. The wind without is keen and cutting as a knife. I can see the houses of Colorado Springs, twenty miles away, the visitors sitting in their shirt sleeves, sipping iced drinks to keep cool, and ladies walking about in white summer robes. I lower the glass; the summer scene is gone. Green trees, animal life, men and women fade away like creatures in a dream, and I am the only living thing in a world of eternal ice, and snow, and silence."

A COUNTRY woman was carrying on a very simple process against a neighbor in one of the small courts of Germany. The attorney of the opponent pestered her with so much of chicanery and legal subtleties that she lost all patience, and interrupted him thus: "My lord, the case is simply this: I bespoke of my opponent, the carpet-maker, a carpet with figures which were to be as handsome as my lord the judge, and he wants now to force me to take one with horrible caricatures, uglier even than his attorney. Was I not right in breaking off the bargain?" The court laughed at the comparison; the attorney was stupefied; and the woman won her suit.

AFTER Mind Reader Bishop died his mother and the wife whom he had lately married engaged in a wrangle over his effects, and the question as to their respective rights is still unsettled by the courts. Just at this juncture, wife No. 1, from whom he had procured a divorce, appears and produces a will which was made in London, in due form, before their marriage, and which leaves everything to her. She is instructed by her lawyers that subsequent marriages cannot invalidate the document, and proposes to assert her claims. It need not take a mind-reader of any special skill to tell with accuracy just what each of those three women thinks of the others.

The testimony of John Bright to American poetry and poets is eminently worth repeating. He averred that he owed his quickness of imagination to a habit he had long pursued of reading a little poetry before going to bed. No matter what the hour or what he had been doing through the day, he took his morphine powder of poetry. It had in his case a sedative and genial influence tending to sleep. The antidote is possibly not a new discovery; but no public man has ever before announced his use of it. Mr. Bright added that he always selected American poets—as more clear, intelligible, and unconventional. Whittier, Longfellow, and Lowell he classed as always clear as a running brook, as bright as sunshine and refreshing as breezes, while the English poets aim at subtleties. This criticism will undoubtedly stand as the decision of history.

DOWN AT CONEY ISLAND.

THE MOST POPULAR PLACE ON THE ATLANTIC COAST.

Being Temptingly Accessible, It Assembles a Most Diverse Multitude—Startlingly Vivid Bathers on Four Miles of Beach—Personal Notes.

(SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.)

GIRL remarked on the piazza of a Coney Island hotel: "Yes, I'm here." Addressing a group of friends who greeted her appearance with exclamations of surprise, she thought in that still Jersey village, as indeed I might have been but for my family physician, who knows me better than mamma does. You see I got dreadfully low and moping and lost my appetite and spirits, and mamma became alarmed and sent in town for that blessed old doctor. He came out and looked me all over, and, better, looked the place over, took off his glasses, wiped them with his handkerchief and squinted down at me. There's nothing the matter with the child, he said to mamma, "except an overdose of this Jersey Sleepy Hollow. Take her away to Newport, Bar Harbor, Saratoga—anywhere where there is life. She thrives on excitement. It's more than medicine for her. Give her all she craves." So our trunks were packed, we came here, and I never felt better in my life than I do at this moment.

I glanced at the speaker. She was a typical American girl, slender and willowy in form, with jet hair, eyes of a greenish blue, large gray eyes, through which her very soul shone, and a face of delicate features, whose ever-changing expression indicated the sensitive emotions and easily swayed sensibilities of her sensitive temperament. A bundle of nerves and quivering perceptions, airy, graceful, keenly intelligent, and altogether charming now, at eighteen; but with a future at forty that is vastly more probable than attractive. I make that gloomy forecast because here, in the boldest bather at Coney Island. Not in the risks she takes of being drowned, but in her venturesomeness of costume. As ar-

rayed for the surf, she is very lovely and very regrettable. Coney Island is so near New York, and therefore so temptingly accessible to both residents and tourists, that it assembles a most diverse multitude. Manhattan Beach has hotels costlier to their guests, I think, than any other resort in America; and from that high degree of expenditure, if not of social worth, the horde of visitors reaches down to the economy represented in beer and sandwiches. The bathing throughout the four miles of beach is correspondingly various. The writer has been to live other seaside places this season, and everywhere else has looked in vain for startlingly vivid bathers. It is true that at Narragansett Pier, Atlantic City, and especially at Ocean Grove there is considerable bravado of dress by the girls, but it is often a matter of negligence than deliberate purpose. For several summers there was a succession of actresses at Long Beach, and they exhibited themselves on the sand and in the water in ways that merited and obtained wide publication, but this year there is an absence of show figures there. At Coney Island, however, the lack of human interest, which admires deprecatingly is not felt. Several wives and daughters of wealth are exceedingly saucy in their surf toilets, to put it mildly, and every pleasant day brings, as excursions from the city, a few young women whose deporting in the waves are as good as a circus. Besides, there are several actresses here for the summer, and, doubtless under orders from their managers, they use themselves for self-advertising purposes—just as every available wall in a town is utilized for posters just before the arrival of a show. The most successful of these stage beauties, measured by the amount of attention commanded, have one of the bath-masters as a constant attendant while she is in the water. He is a stalwart old negro, with a reputation for professional swimming in

taken by those who have not. At least a dozen individuals, or small parties, have this year undertaken a round of the resorts, and I know of only one case, that of Marshall P. Wilder, the dwarf jester, who has made expenses. Wilder is a shrewd chap. "I am a whole show in myself," he said to me, after counting up nearly two hundred dollars as his receipts at Saratoga, "or at least I only carry along a pianist. I am my own business manager, advance agent, and everything else except the one musician and the necessary ticket-seller and door-tender. So I can't lose much if I don't make anything. Here is another thing. I have learned the value of newspaper quotations. I issued a book of stories and reminiscences, and out of it the journals of the country have copied very freely, giving honest credit. So I find that everywhere I go my name is familiar to people, in connection with some anecdote or other. That is actually the reason why I am counting up almost two hundred dollars to-night instead of twenty or thirty."

A middle-aged man and his daughter sat gazing seaward. He was using a powerful field-glass, ostensibly aiming it at distant vessels, but really dropping it to a range on the female bathers. "What are you looking at, papa?" the girl naively asked. "I was trying to make out the name on that craft," he replied, suddenly lifting his glass to an aim at a vessel in the dim distance. "I don't think you will find her name on her," the daughter remarked, "and, judge-

ing by her costume and behavior, you couldn't find it in the 'Ed Directory' either."

A Tender Revelation.
Bright Child (to prospective step-father)—I wish you had lived with us when my other pa was here.
Stepfather—Why so, my darling?
Bright Child—Then, when ma would have made one of you make the beds and sweep, I could have had the other to play with.

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"Look out! There is going to be a tidal wave." But the danger was averted, because the woman got angry and wouldn't be dropped into the water after all. Among the stragglers on the beach are a surprising proportion of men who are worth looking at, if you only knew about them. Yesterday I saw two chaps lounging together, and nobody paid any attention to them, but when I heard the name of Mrs. Langtry mentioned between them I at once took into account their identity. One was Bob Hilliard, the actor, who had a row with Mrs. Langtry last year, and was laughed at for his sentimental exploits of rapturously kissing the beauty's shoe. He declared that it was a joke, but she took it for serious woe, and told it after they had quarreled. The other man was Forter Ashe, the California sports millionaire, who has just been extensively printed as the former law partner of Judge Terry. Ashe has had experience with Mrs. Langtry, too. It happened last summer at Long Branch. He devoted himself assiduously to the Lily, and she seemed to like it. He was a conspicuous figure in the rapid set of which Mrs. Langtry, the Baroness Blanc and several other social plungers were trans-



siently famous. Fred Gebhardt objected to any rivalry, and there were open quarrels on the hotel veranda. Then Freddy became an angry adieu to his sweetheart and sailed away to Europe. She hastily followed him and brought him back, since which they have seemed to live together in concord. It may not be complimentary to the more celebrated beauties, but the positive fact is that Ashe and Hilliard, famous mashers, were paying particular attention to two pretty girls manifestly from the Bowery. It is safe to paraphrase Gilbert and say that beauty "levels rank," and therefore this brace of beaux were justified in paying court to it wherever they found it.

Doubtless the salt air is a relaxer of dignity, for surely I have seen men who, estimating by appearances, were judges, merchant princes, or something else equally august when at home, who on the beach do not hesitate to frivolously follow every comely girl who gives the least invitation. But you can't make people serious at summer resorts. Every Sunday some preachers, of ten eloquent ones, go down to Coney Island and deliver sermons in almost empty hotel parlors; and among the guests who will not listen, moreover, are many persons who are pious at home. A musical authority named Krebhiel, a big and very beautiful blonde at that, went to Brighton to lecture on "How to Listen to Music." He calculated that Coney Island, with its three splendid orchestras, was just the place for the delivery of his advice, but the people wouldn't listen to him, much less take instruction from him in the art of listening, and poor Krebhiel fared even worse than the clergymen. Professional entertainers will not learn the truth about folks at watering places do not want them; or else the places of those who do learn it by experience are promptly



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CAPITAL NOTES.

The dining hall at the state fair will be in charge of the ladies of the Christian church.

Gov. Humphrey has forwarded to Secretary Blaine a letter, accompanied by a copy of the call for an inter-state deep-harbor convention to assemble in Topeka, October 1, addressed to President Diaz, of the republic of Mexico, with a request that the same be forwarded to its destination through the department of state. The letter invites President Diaz to appoint a commission of five delegates from Mexico to participate in the deliberations of the convention and requests his own presence in Topeka at the head of the delegation.

Governor Humphrey has issued a proclamation calling elections for senators in the Thirty-sixth and Thirty-eighth districts. Senator Chapman resigned as senator of the Thirty-sixth district to accept the receivership of the Larned land office, and Senator Francis C. Price, to accept the judgeship of his district. The governor says that on an early date he will issue proclamations calling elections in representative districts—those filled by Davis, of Riley, and Walrod, of Osborne, and information has reached him that Campbell, of Gove, has removed to Denver. He will withhold issuing proclamations from these districts until he has satisfactory evidence of all vacancies. The governor, being asked whether the proclamation should be issued before the call for county conventions, replied, that "when-ever the existence of a vacancy was known to the electors of a representative district, it was not necessary for the district committees or county or district conventions to wait for the writ of election. Nominations can be made—the proclamation will be issued in ample time for the sheriff to give due notice."

Deep Water Harbor.

A Topeka man who is prominent in railroad circles has faith in the success of the deep harbor movement because he thinks the great railway companies of the trans-Missouri region are already preparing for the event. "The Santa Fe," he says, "was the first to push an extension through to the gulf, and the Rock Island has made considerable headway in the same direction, but the most striking proof that the managers appreciate the fact that there is to be a change in the track of traffic is seen in the effort the Union Pacific is making to reach the Texas coast. A year or two ago all the talk was of extensions in the west and northwest and one would have thought that without feeders in all parts of Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, and the western territories, the future of that original transcontinental line would be a failure. It was thought then that the trade from the Orient was to be the life of the roads running between the Missouri and the Pacific. Now the old rule is again believed in, that, after all, the local traffic is what pays. The Union Pacific has extended its lines through the northwest pretty thoroughly; it has tapped all the productive valleys of Nebraska, and it is now looking toward the southwest and working around toward the south and the Gulf of Mexico. The very fact that the Santa Fe, the Rock Island and the Union Pacific are all heading for the Texas coast shows that they believe the surplus from the great food-producing region west of the Missouri is shortly going to find an outlet in that direction. For this reason I think that the coming convention in Topeka is expected to accomplish a great deal, and that a deep-water harbor in the near future is assured."

Labor Day.

September 2 witnessed the first labor procession ever held in Kansas. About fifteen trades are organized in this city; these all cooperated to make the day a success; every member of a trades union seemed to regard himself as individually interested in making the day a success. Probably 1200 men were in line, embracing full representations of stone cutters, cigar makers, printers, pressmen, plumbers, tailors, carpenters, lathers, plasterers, bricklayers, stonemasons, newspaper carriers and other trades. Some of them appeared in their working costume, and others appeared in uniform. All wore the sunflower.

The parade was almost a mile long and continued nearly an hour.

The remainder of the day was devoted to a big picnic at Oakland park. Thousands of people went out on "the electric" in the afternoon and every one had a good time. It was cool and pleasant all the afternoon. The exercises began at 2 o'clock in the big auditorium. Marshall's band rendered several selections.

After a speech by David Overmyer, a very interesting programme was witnessed by a large number of people. First came a running race of 100 yards in which there were three entries. A Barber won the race with W. Spurlis second and John Cleveland third. The prizes were a hat, a walking cane and a pocket knife. This was followed by a wheelbarrow race. The winners, Sad Hodgins, first prize of a meerschaum pipe; A. L. McNair, second prize of a pair of shoes; Red Brown, third prize of a trimmer square.

In the type-setting contest there were six entries with but two contestants. Sherman Peffer, of the Kansas Farmer, winning the first prize, a silk umbrella, offered by the enterprising house of Brewer & Sons, and Samuel Montgomery, of the Daily Capital, winning second prize, a box of elegant cigars, contributed by Woolvorton Bros.—the winner of first setting 1100 in 44 minutes, defeating the other competitor 100 ems.

The evening was devoted to dancing in the pavilion; it would hardly accommodate the large number who were there, but they all enjoyed themselves.

Make No Mistake

If you have made up your mind to buy Hood's Sarsaparilla do not be induced to buy any other. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a peculiar medicine possessing curative power superior to any other article of the kind before the people. Be sure to get Hood's.

"In one score the clerk tried to induce me to buy their own instead of Hood's Sarsaparilla. But he could not prevail on me to change. I told him that I knew what Hood's Sarsaparilla was, and did not want any other." Mrs. ELLA A. GORT, 61 Terrace Street, Boston.

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Yabley: "It is easy enough to tell that the old lady is the boss in the Wickwire household."
Mudge: "How?"
Yabley: "They never have a hired girl that isn't as homely as a mud fence."

If the boys could do all they intend to do and the men could do all they "used to do" what a brilliant world this would be.

Inquiring Youth: "What are those waterproof gloves for, Mr. O'Patrick?"
Mr. O'Patrick: "Why, me jowell, sure, and they're for the convenience of them folks as wants to wash their hands widout wetting their skin at all at all."

Beauty is often only seal-skin deep.

Visitor (in Chicago): "I should think you would be dreadfully afraid of burglars in a place like this."
Hostess: "Burglars! Mercy no. We don't mind the burglars. Its the police we are afraid of."

Castor Beans Wanted.
Address THE MARSH OIL COMPANY, Kansas City, Missouri.
Women are curious creatures. A wife who will insist that her husband shall not go out of the house without two undershirts a liver pad and a muffler on—in addition, of course, to his other clothes—will rush out of a hot kitchen on a morning, bareheaded and barearmed, and padlock around half an hour hanging out clothes, trying to get ahead of the woman next door.

White Horse, the Crow chief is dead and will never be seen again, even if one meets a regiment of red headed girls.

The man who kicked a collector out of his office remarked that if he couldn't foot his bills one way, he could another.

"Have you the time?" said the Major to the Col. "If you mean the time to take a drink, I hasten to reply that I have."

Landladies are famous gossipers; they pay great attention to roomers.

When Dobbins' Electric Soap was first made in 1864 it cost 20 cents a bar. It is precisely the same ingredients and quality now, and doesn't cost half. Buy it of your grocer and preserve your clothes. If he hasn't it, he will get it.

A correspondent writes to inquire if we consider spiral stockings supporters injurious. Well, really, we have had so little—we would like to oblige you, but—really, you know, we must refer you to your family physician.

TICKET 42,738.

A Pick-Up of \$15,000 for Three Well Known Cheyenne People.

Cheyenne (Wyo.) Leader, August 8.
The drawing of \$15,000 from the Louisiana State Lottery in the July Drawing by three well known Cheyenne people has created a decided sensation. The children of fortune are all employed at H. H. Ellis' bakery. They are Louis Salada and wife and Edward P. Gaylor an old-timer and a prominent Odd Fellow.

Forty-eight hours after the drawing Salada and his wife and Mr. Gaylor were overjoyed to learn from a list that ticket No. 42,738 had drawn the capital prize of \$300,000 and that they were entitled to one-twentieth of that sum or \$15,000.

Advice from New Orleans confirmed the list and the money was collected through the First National Bank of this city, being paid over to the winners August 1.

Salada and wife are visiting relatives in Missouri. The lady, who has been an invalid for several years, is to retire to an eastern hospital for several months and will be treated by eminent specialists.

Wife: "Just think, I have sat here and seen man going after man into that saloon over there."
Husband: "You're right; that's just what they are doing—every man who enters there will assure you that he is going in after another man."

City man (on a summer jaunt): "Are you going to have an agricultural exhibition here this year?"
Farmer (sedily): "No-o; I'm afraid not. Most of the old ladies what makes quilts is died off, and there ain't a decent race horse in the county."

When money is said to be close it is really far away. This is authentic.

Mr. Edison is going to visit Krupp's works at Essen. He expects to meet there some of the biggest guns in Europe.

Don't blame the Jews for complaining of their fare in the wilderness. They were not used to that manna of living.

The actor who lost over \$100,000 at fare in New York will have to pay a great deal better than that this winter if he expects to make good his deficit.

Extra-ordinary.—Smith: "Look here, Brown, we'll soon decide the matter. Let's ask the waiter. Waiter, are tomatoes a fruit or a vegetable?"
Waiter: "Neither, sir, tomatoes is a hazard."

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggists, Home Cave, Ky., say: "Hill's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, Etc.